

# The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VIII.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1880.

NO. 6.

## NEWS-NOTES.

—Washington has a population of 140,000.

—The Oregon legislature elect is republican in both branches.

—The official figures will give Minneapolis a population of 48,377.

—J. Frailey Smith, one of the directors of the North Pacific, died this week.

—Blaine is the name of a new town in the west. It has just been laid out.

—Appeal is still being made for the relief of the starving poor of Ireland.

—The Boston Herald accuses Finley of writing hidden letters of denunciation.

—A tramp was recently nearly frozen by being locked in a refrigerator car.

—A federal judge was shot and killed while on the bench in Texas last week.

—Gen. Sutor, the discoverer of gold in California, died in Washington on the 18th ult.

—Yale College conferred the honorary degree of doctor of law on President Hayes yesterday.

—The battle of the Tightlins, as the New York Commercial Advertiser remarks of the Cincinnati convention.

—A son of Senator Morton, whom the senate failed to confirm, has again been appointed collector of San Francisco.

—Palmer Smith has accepted a position near a New York mining company in the Black Hills at \$1,000 per month.

—A Kansas City wife suicided while her husband was being hung in order that they might go to glory together, probably.

—Tilden and Seymour both refused to allow their names to go before the Cincinnati convention and both are now feasting on crow.

—Gen. Sherman will attend the commemorative exercises of the 20th anniversary discovery of the Falls of St. Anthony at Minneapolis to-morrow.

—The Concord Daily Monitor gives an interesting account of a reception and farewell given to Gov. Ordway and his goodbyes on their departure for the west.

—The population of Brooklyn has increased 72,000 during the past four years. That is because of Stanley Hunter's return to the city of churches, probably.

—It is now alleged that Grant has had no communication with Conkling, Cameron or Logan for over two years. They managed his home on their own account.

—Mabel Mudge was fined \$200 and sentenced to 100 days in the county jail for running a house of prostitution at Fargo. Chapin and a half dozen others were each fined \$50 for selling liquor on Sunday.

—A very dangerous counterfeit is now in circulation. It is a counterfeit of national bank notes of the denomination of \$100 on the National Exchange Bank of Baltimore. Look out for them, watch for Jay Knox.

—The Washington Star says that Garfield represents the volunteer soldiers, and that before the people, while Hancock represents West Point and a military aristocracy. Logan, it is said, will use the volunteer officer against the West Point graduate for all it is worth.

—Dr. Farmer, the Minneapolis physician, will be making the question of a forty days' fast. He left off fasting Tuesday morning in New York and it was successful in living forty days without food. He will then adopt a clothing reform and everyone can live forever without work, food or clothing.

—The Fargo Republican says: "Madame Burner, convicted of keeping a house of ill fame, and confined in the county jail, armed with a hammer and a comb, made an assault upon herself Sunday, first attempting to drive the comb into her scalp and failing in that, used the hammer direct, but without doing any serious injury."

## VOICE OF THE WIRES

### NEWS GATHERED FROM EVERY PART OF THE GLOBE.

**Steamboat Explosion on Lake Minnetonka.**—Meeting of the National Republican Committee.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

**STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.**  
ST. PAUL, July 2.—The steamer Mary, owned by Capt. Halsted, blew up yesterday at the dock of the Hotel St. Louis, at Lake Minnetonka, killing three persons, the engineers, Wm. Chadwick and Mr. D. P. Plattenberg, of Canton, Ill., and Mr. Gaines (colored), head waiter at the hotel. John Stewart pilot, was also severely injured and it is thought cannot live. Five other people were injured, among whom were A. S. Dimond, editor of the *Minnetonka Tourist*. The cause of the explosion is unknown. The boat was about to leave for Excelsior. The gauge showed sixty-five pounds.

**DEATH HIMSELF PROUD.**  
WASHINGTON, July 2.—Secretary Sherman has issued a circular taking upon himself the appointment and removal of gaugers, storekeepers, inspectors and all employees of the stamp bureau, taking the power out of the hands of commissioner Raum. The secretary is said to have said he would remove Raum himself immediately if he had the power, ostensibly for his disregard of civil service order No. 1.

**REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE.**  
NEW YORK, July 2.—The republican national committee met at Fifth Avenue Hotel. Among the prominent politicians present besides the members were Conkling and McPherson, of Pennsylvania. The committee conceded that the wishes of Garfield should be acceded to. Gov. Foster, Gov. Jewell, Thos. C. Staff, Morgan and Wm. E. Chandler are mentioned as possible chairmen.

**ACQUATIC.**  
NEW YORK, July 2.—In the four-oared race between Harvard and Yale, which took place yesterday at the Thames, New London, Yale won in twenty-four minutes and twenty-seven seconds; Harvard's time, twenty-five minutes and nine seconds. Harvard led at the start, but an accident to Yale's boat caused the race to be recalled. On the second start Yale pushed to the front where she kept winning easily.

**DEADLY SPORT.**  
President F. W. Lincoln, of the Boston and Albany railway, and Mrs. Appleton were killed while witnessing the Harvard-Yale regatta. They were on the rear platform of Mr. Lincoln's private car which was just ahead of the moving Grand Island. The engine on the latter broke the coupling and rushed into Mr. Lincoln's car, throwing him and Mrs. Appleton over on the rail, where they were terribly mangled. They both died in a very short time.

**WILL CARRY THEM OUT.**  
NEW YORK, July 2.—A dispatch states that the French government announces that the decrees regarding the government have been carried out without disturbance, and that the government will proceed to execute all with firmness.

**THE JESUIT TROUBLE.**  
NEW YORK, July 2.—A dispatch states that forty-nine magistrates have resigned rather than carry out the decree in relation to the Jesuits.

**HIS OWN MAN.**  
NEW YORK, July 2.—Gen. Hancock will probably appoint his own chairman of the democratic committee, and Senator Wallace is likely to be the man.

**THE PUBLIC DEBT.**  
WASHINGTON, July 2.—The public debt statement shows a decrease in June of \$10,214,42, which includes \$3,759,54 in fractional currency.

**RUSSIA-CHINA.**  
NEW YORK, July 2.—A special cablegram says that the report of the defeat of the Russians in Asia by Chinese is regarded as unfounded in Russia. The Sultan has ordered torpedoes placed in the Dardanelles to render Constantinople impregnable to an attack of the powers.

**ON THE WING.**  
GALENA, Ill., July 2.—Gen. Grant and family left Galena yesterday for Kansas and Colorado.

**CHICAGO'S CENSUS.**  
WASHINGTON, July 2.—The supervisor of the census sets the population of Chicago down at not less than 495,000, and possibly 500,000.

**WAR IN THE EAST.**  
NEW YORK, July 2.—A cablegram states that Arco, Peru, was attacked by the Chilians on the 8th inst. and it is believed that it will be captured.

**TROOPS FOR COLORADO.**  
ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 2.—Companies A, D, H and I, 13th Infantry, arrived at this city yesterday morning en route to Colorado and New Mexico.

Mr. Quinn, at Green River, is preparing an excellent dinner for the excursionists. Price only 50 cents.

## AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

**Camp of the Hostiles who Recently Surrendered at Keogh.**

(Special Correspondence of The Tribune.)

FORT KEOGH, M. T., June 21.—Did you ever see an Indian village? A few miles from Keogh there is a representative one. About a hundred wigwams clustered on an acre in delightful irregularity. These Indians are in the government's care, but draw no rations nor are they clothed with blankets bearing the mystic characters, U. S. I. D. Capt. Ewers, of Gen. Miles' command, cares for them in a general way and sees that they are comfortable, in which object he succeeds admirably. There is none of that sullen and resentful demeanor so often noticed at the "agencies." They have a fine herd of ponies and a number of cows on the prairie near at hand, and quantities of buffalo meat cut into thin slices and hung on poles to dry—another kind on same poles arranged in punning links, presumed to be sausage. Nearly a hundred acres of land are cultivated by them, and it is a beautiful sight to see Mr. and Mrs. Lo and the children going to the fields in the morning munching a raw potato and dried buffalo sandwich and carrying a little tin pail of "victuals" for luncheon. The best time to visit them is about sunset, when they are all at home and gathered in front of teepees, from the tiny papoose to the "big Injin." The elders look upon you with a certain stolid air, but the children, with round, copper-colored faces (when not stained vermillion) brimming over with fun and jollity, invariably greet you smilingly, and some of the smaller ones jabber at you in Sioux. The whole village is the picture of happiness and contentment, and affords one a rare opportunity of viewing the subtle charm of nomadic life. Crossing the Yellowstone in a yawl, quite a different scene presented itself. We found nearly six hundred "hostiles" just from Sitting Bull's camp on Wood Mountain. They came in a few days ago and voluntarily surrendered to Gen. Miles. These Indians were evidently hungry and the government rations had made their hearts good. They were having a gala time in an immense Sibley. The bucks were arranged in the largest possible circle within and sat closely together looking towards the center, where kettles of meat and vegetables had been placed. A drum of large size was suspended from four sticks driven into the ground, upon which three chief musicians with small clubs beat with firmness and regularity as an accompaniment to a hideous chant, consisting mostly of guttural in which all joined with horrible unanimity, while over all the voice of a single squaw so loud and piercing led one to wish heartily that he were temporarily deaf. Happily only a part of the Indians indulged in these festivities—the chief men were having a "big talk" with army officers, and others more domestic were living apart in small teepees and formed a group by themselves. One family presented a very civilized aspect; the buck was tending baby while the squaw rolled out a flour cake on a barrel head with a genuine roller. "All settled on the ground." A few ponies were feeding about camp, and two or three horses, but not a single fat dog was seen. A girl carried an ugly looking "pump" in a shawl on the back of her neck, and seemed very fond of her charge. An Indian boy was leading around with a small leather thong what at first appeared to be a black and white kitten, but on closer observation it proved to be a specimen of the *Mephitis Americanus*. We didn't obstruct that boy's path nor abuse his half grown pet. Two excessively neat young squaws were hanging out their washing on the banks of the Yellowstone. I enumerated a cotton handkerchief and two feet. Our party jumped into the boat, and saying "how" to about two hundred of all ages who had followed us from the village by way of retinue, we crossed to Fort Keogh.

**CHURCH FESTIVITIES.**  
Saturday Evening Entertainment by the Ladies' Mite Society.

The ladies of the Presbyterian Mite Society gave an entertainment at Raymond's hall last Saturday evening. It would never have occurred to a stranger that he was in a frontier town only eight years old. The commodious hall was well arranged for the purpose. A platform at the south end was embowered with evergreens and contained two tables and a flower stand with exquisite button-hole bouquets were temptingly displayed—the effect was Edensian. From this point to the north end, where the depot of supplies was located, there were tables to the right of us and tables to the left of us, so constant was the demand that the fair waitresses, Bitted to and fro, like bees at the height of the honey season. Whether it was the worthiness of the cake, the effect of the marriage of strawberries and cream, or that the time was peculiarly in point, all present without regard to church dogmas seemed to be immersed in a tidal wave of happiness. Much credit is due the man, no, it must have been a woman, who first discovered these festivals. It will be of interest to know that the sum of one hundred and thirty dollars was secured for the benevolent purposes of the society.

**Basket Picnic To-morrow.**  
There will be a basket picnic at Elm Grove, about a quarter of a mile south of Maj. Pitts' place, on Apple creek. Conveyances will start from Hollenbeck's drug store, leaving every half hour, after 8 o'clock. All kinds of refreshments will be found on the ground and a suitable platform has been erected for dancing. Good music having been engaged. Arrangements have been made with the railroad company whereby a train will leave the Northern Pacific depot at 9 o'clock to-morrow for the grounds. The Bismarck brass band will accompany the party.

## AMUSEMENTS.

**The Katie Putnam Entertainments at Raymond's Hall.**

The people of this city have been right royally entertained this week by the Hasenwinkle Dramatic Company, with Miss Katie Putnam as the particular star. Miss Putnam is making a tour through Montana this year, and pending the departure of a boat for Benton, has given the amusement loving people of Bismarck a series of entertainments in point of excellence equal to any in the country. Miss Putnam is an actress of national reputation, being of the same school as Alice Oates and Maggie Mitchell, but somewhat younger in years. Her voice is the counterpart of Alice Oates, while her acting shows a close study of Maggie Mitchell. During the theatrical months proper (winter season) Miss Putnam plays to crowded houses in all the leading theatres of the country, and is an especial favorite on the Chicago stage. Many dramatic critics have pronounced her superior to Maggie Mitchell in many of the characters she plays, and with the exception of "Fanchon, the Cricket," is indeed her peer. "Lena, the Mad Cap," was presented Tuesday night to an appreciative audience, and the same play will be repeated to-night by special request of many of the most prominent citizens. This will be the farewell performance in this city, and is certainly deserving of a crowded house. The support of Miss Putnam is good; far superior to that generally on the road. In fact there is not one in the company but that is a first-class artist. Mrs. Ada Lawrence and Miss Minnie Castle, both charming actresses, are with the company. The great O'Reardon, who has justly earned a wide-world reputation as a pianist and thorough musician, is leader of the orchestra, and his famous tumblerion medley brought forth showers of applause. The company leaves to-morrow night for Benton, Bozeman, Helena and other Montana cities, and it is to be hoped that they will be greeted with crowded houses wherever they go, as the entertainment is justly merited. The company carry twelve sets of scenery, and the pieces are put on with studied care and attention. As an expression of gratitude, the following testimonial was presented to Miss Putnam, and its request granted:

To Miss Katie Putnam:

We desire to express our appreciation of your talents, and to thank you for the pleasure you have afforded us during your sojourn in this city; and in token of our esteem we tender you a complimentary benefit for Friday evening, July 2d, and ask that on that occasion you present "Lena, the Mad Cap."

F. J. CALL, J. W. RAYMOND, DAN. E. SWENBERG, D. W. MARATTA, JOHN A. MCLEAN, M. EPIUSGER, J. C. BARR, GEO. H. FAIRCHILD, GEO. W. SWETT, C. A. LOUNSBERRY, G. M. BARR, W. A. HOLLENBECK, J. C. HOLLENBECK, A. T. BIGELOW, W. M. S. KENNY, SIG. HANAUER, M. H. JEWELL, HENRY BLAKELY.

**NOTES.**  
Katie Putnam is the most charming and accomplished actress who has ever visited the northwest.

A curious incident. The receipts of Monday and Tuesday nights' entertainment of the Katie Putnam Company were exactly the same to a penny.

The Firemen's ball Tuesday evening was a success, despite the opposition on every hand. Mr. Raymond kindly tendered the use of his hall No. 2, and the untiring energies of the officers of the fire company made the affair both pleasant and profitable.

The Tohee Dramatic Troupe came up from Sioux City this week on their way to Miles City. The company intended to play one night at Fort Lincoln but Miss Lola Clark, a leading lady, severely sprained her ankle in alighting from an ambulance, rendering it impossible to appear. They left on the Benton.

**MORE INTERESTING.**  
What the Baltimore and Ohio is Doing to Keep the Pot Boiling.

(Special Dispatch to the St. Paul Pioneer Press.)

BALTIMORE, June 19.—The fast train contest is likely to continue all summer, and winter, too, for that matter, if the other lines continue to put on special trains against the regular trains of the Baltimore and Ohio. The road named started the fight, and to keep it interesting, will on Monday put on a second fast train from Chicago east, leaving Chicago in the morning. Washington is reached the next day at noon, four hours ahead of other roads; Baltimore is made a hour later, Philadelphia and New York that night. The 5:15 p. m. fast line reaches Washington the following evening, a night ahead of the corresponding trains on other lines. No change whatever other than this has been made in the fast time schedule of the B. & O., no train having been taken off, as reported.

**Burlington County Surveys.**  
The surveying party has been ordered by the commissioner to survey eight townships west of the coal banks on the line of the North Pacific, the expense of which will be paid out of last year's appropriation. They commenced the survey immediately. Out of the \$300,000 appropriated for surveys this year Dakota gets \$50,000. The east side of the Missouri will receive the benefit of this year's appropriation.

**Bound to be Ahead.**  
For the week ending June 19th the Bismarck office issued fifty-six money orders, amounting to \$1,320.73. Five hundred dollars more than Fargo for the same week.

## BAD LAND BOULDERS

### ITEMS FROM THE TRIBUNE'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

**Military Movements and Railroad Items.**—Little Missouri Booming—An Episode—Miscellaneous Matters.

(From our own Special Correspondent.)

**MILITARY.**  
BAD LANDS, N. P. R. R., June 26.—Capt. Bell, Co. F, 7th cavalry, has been stationed at Sentinel Butte with his company. Companies B and I, same regiment, have moved from Lord, Fogarty & Co.'s camp to the head of the Heart river. Company B, 17th infantry, is on Upper Heart.

**TOLU ROCK AND RYE.**  
dealers are very scarce, Major Merrill having tendered them "an indefinite leave of absence" from this reservation. Some of them have been bold enough not to accept, however, and are "laying low" until the paymaster comes up, so that they can sell out their vile poison and then "skip." I think the presence of a U. S. marshal would have a very salutary effect about that time.

**PROF. DENTON,**  
geologist and lecturer, has been with us for the past week and made quite a collection of curiosities. The Professor thinks that in all probability there will be quite a drought in this country in about thirty million years, and that it will be a "bad year for crops." We told him that we were not prepared to dispute on that subject at present, as we had left all of our "data" in our grip-sack at Maandan.

**RAILROAD ITEMS.**  
Work on the heavy cuts is progressing finely. Mr. S. C. Walker, with the able assistance of his superintendent, Mr. A. J. McDougall, is pushing his work toward completion and is confident of being ready for the track by the time it gets here.

**LITTLE MISSOURI BOOMING.**  
The Little Missouri has been on a "big high" for the last week, preventing contractors from getting over their supplies. A ferry boat is very much needed at the railroad crossing, and would be a paying investment for some one.

**AN EPISODE.**  
Thos. O'Rourke, foreman for contractor Bob McKee, is the owner of a very intelligent water spaniel, Sailor by name. A few evenings ago, as Tom was riding home from work, followed by Sailor, carrying the pony's picket pin, as usual, a jack rabbit jumped up. Now, to chase jack rabbits is Sailor's delight, so off he went, still holding on to his picket pin. An Irishman who saw the chase, exclaimed: "Well, be the powers! I've often seen a dog chase a hare, but divil the one did I ever see take a stick along to kill it with!"

**SEMI-WEEKLY MAIL.**  
Charlie Young is now giving us a semi-weekly mail, but he must change his days for leaving the end of track, as he don't make connections with THE TRIBUNE. We don't get it here until it is a week old.

**EXTENSION NOTES.**  
A new postoffice has been established at Baby Mine, with Robt. Mackee as postmaster.

Land commissioner Power, director Dilworth and several other distinguished North Pacific gentlemen visited the Bad Lands this week, going in special cars as far as Green River.

Quite a town has already sprung up on Green River.

Dewey & Brown, contractors, are making money out of their cuts.

It was feared that there would be some delay in track laying, pending the letting of the contract of the second 100 miles, but as the job has been let to Messrs. LeMay & Winston, the work will be rushed through to the Yellowstone this fall.

A letter from Cyrus Thompson, of Mr. Bly's tie camp on the Little Missouri, says everything is lovely, no Indians, and work progressing rapidly, the men averaging twenty-five ties a day for each man. The only excitement thus far was a general stampede occasioned by a good sized bear running through the camp.

Tom Jones, who returned from the Bad Lands Tuesday, says he never saw such a beautiful country before in his life.

Frank Moore is having an excellent run of trade at his saw-cantment.

John Leasure, in Douglas's saddle store, is looking fine. He is well tanned, and has won the name of Buckskin John, because of his hunting suit and his merciless slaughter of deer and antelope.

**"Soothe the Savage Breast."**

A party of twenty-three Methodist missionaries from Canada bound for British Northwest Territory, went up the river this week. The party is under the charge of Rev. John McDougall, who has been engaged in missionary work among the Crees and Black Feet twenty years. Rev. Dr. Sutherland, secretary of the Canadian Methodist mission society, was also with them, and a very able man he is, too. He held services at City Hall Sunday and many became acquainted with him. In the party are three mission teachers, who will be stationed at different points along the route of the Canadian Pacific railroad and the Saskatchewan river. The government gives them a large grant of land, but all the other expenses of civilizing the Indians is paid by the mission society.

**Fourth of July.**  
Is coming soon and you will find the best selected stock of Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps at the place not to be undersold by anybody. Therefore call on Sig. dress up, and get your money's worth for what you buy.

## PURELY PERSONAL.

Supt. Towne was up this week, returning yesterday.

Johnny Leasure came in on a flying trip yesterday.

Katie Putnam and troupe are domiciled at the Merchants.

H. L. Inman, of Jamestown, farm machinery agent, is in the city.

W. T. Lewis, of Virginia, came up with Tom Winston to see the country.

Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Goff left Monday morning to spend the summer east.

Sam English is in the city. He will leave for the Bad Lands in a few days.

Miss Nellie Comeford left for Hastings, Minn., Monday, to spend the summer.

Tom Winston arrived from the east Thursday night on his way to Fort Stevenson.

T. P. McElrath, of Miles City, has just issued his hand book of the Yellowstone country.

Chief Engineer Anderson passed through to the end of the track Sunday from the east.

Ned Giboy, the best yard-master on the North Pacific, returned from his eastern visit this week.

Frye and Chase, the light weight traveling men, pushed breakfast at the Sheridan this week.

Sam Moles, the best natured traveling man on the road, returned from his Black Hills trip Wednesday.

Mrs. Spahr and Mrs. Stripe leave for a pleasure trip on the Helena to-morrow, returning on the same boat.

R. F. Pettigrew passed through Bismarck on Monday en route for the Black Hills where he orates on the 4th.

Capt. Maratta says that the silk hats of the New York and Philadelphia delegations were somewhat immense.

It is rumored that Gus Baer, the lightning salesman with M. Eppinger, is about to take unto himself another rib.

Mr. Lawrence, the advance agent of the Katie Putnam troupe, is a most affable gentleman and a credit to the company.

Conductor Miller, of the Missouri Division, is enst. When he returns he will probably be accompanied by Mrs. Miller.

Mr. Boyd and family, of Owen Sound, Ontario, went up the river to settle in the north west territory among the Indians.

Mr. and Mrs. Gliselska had their silver wedding at their residence on Sixth street on Tuesday last. A pleasant party gathered.

Tom Jones has returned from his extension trip, and can be seen by his friends daily from early morn to late at night at Sig. Hauser's.

D. T. Bramble and J. M. Graham passed through the city from Deadwood Tuesday. Bramble is one of the heaviest snippers via the Pierre route to the Hills.

A. Gallinger, extensively interested in Saurbura and Burton town lots, is in the city. Property in those two towns has doubled in value in less than two months.

R. H. Kleinschmidt and bride, who passed through this city last week, go to Europe on their bridal tour. Mr. Kleinschmidt is one of the heaviest merchants in Montana.

O. K. Griffith, of Huntley, Ill., who was the guest of the Messrs. Brown last week, says he likes the country better than any he has ever seen before, and considers it far ahead of the Red River valley.

Rev. Mr. Bull, of this city, returned Wednesday from his trip to the Bad Lands, where he has been engaged in holding revivals meetings, etc. He is the pioneer preacher of that country.

Marshall McClure, of the Jamestown Advertiser, will be married to-morrow to Miss Ella Powell, daughter of a wealthy farmer of that city. Miss Powell is a handsome and accomplished lady.

Henry Sagnier, the popular French restaurant man of Fort Center, is in the city, en route for New York. Mr. Sagnier offers his fine restaurant at Fort Center for sale with a view to returning to France.

Mr. Steen, of the Clark farm, has just returned from a trip through northern Minnesota and the Red River country and says that the crops of Burleigh county are far ahead of any he has seen east, without a single exception.

Sheriff McKenzie returned Monday from his Cincinnati trip, rejoicing in the nomination of Hancock by the democracy. Deputy Hanuqua will return some time next week, he having gone on to Brooklyn to visit Stanley Bentley, he also of the untimely.

Capt. D. W. Maratta returned from the Cincinnati convention Monday night, well pleased with the nomination, and, of course, sanguine of the tickets ultimate victory. The captain worked hard for the admission of the territory, which were finally permitted all the privileges except that of voting.

Rev. Father Chrysostom will leave for his new field of labor in southern Dakota next week. Rev. B. H. Bunning, who succeeds him, is an active and good man, and will, with the assistance of Father Keenan, carry on the work of religion and education started by Rev. Chrysostom. In retiring Father Chrysostom extends thanks and gratitude to the citizens of Bismarck for the liberal manner in which they have assisted him in his labors, and, on the other hand, his friends will be pained to learn of his departure.

**Rev. McLean.**  
The Rev. J. McLean, one of the party of thirty Methodist missionaries and teachers on their way to the Bow River missions under the supervisory care of the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, gave a remarkably fine address at the City Hall Sunday morning, followed by others. The entire party then took part in the Sabbath school. The masterly address by the doctor in the evening was followed by an old fashioned Methodist class-meeting. Sunday last was one long to be remembered by the society at Bismarck notwithstanding the absence of the pastor.







## THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

In the early days of the land—  
 From the harvest came, and in my hand  
 Placing this lamp, said: "To, within the land  
 A lavish treasure seek, and thou shalt find."  
 With trembling hand the little lamp I held,  
 Searching with eager eyes through all the field—  
 The task seems hopeless. Will it ever yield?  
 The looked-for treasure to my heart and mind?

The reapers, singing, press on either side,  
 The fields of golden grain spread broad and wide.  
 "We feed the hungry," that one passing cried,  
 "I shield my little lamp and trembling stand;  
 I dare not think of those that cry for bread—  
 From gleaming of the scythes I turn my head.  
 They mock me now, but shall be glad instead  
 When I the treasure and hid in the land."

Some sport upon the borders of the field,  
 Plucking the flowers their sunny path doth yield;  
 They strive, in sport, to break the lamp I shield,  
 Laughing with sunny eyes and dimpling cheek.  
 And now again I hear the reapers sing;  
 With glowing eyes they bear their grain along,  
 Bowed up in sheaves. Their work is brave and strong,  
 With downcast eyes the treasure hid I seek.

"Where are your fruits? Behold our sheaves of grain,  
 Why seek ye that which ye shall seek in vain?"  
 "Only turn my head away in pain,  
 To hear the words the passing reaper saith.  
 I have no answer, but still dumbly stand,  
 Shielding the little lamp with trembling hand,  
 And seek the treasure hidden in the land.  
 Lord of the harvest, give Thy servant faith."

## UNDER AN UMBRELLA.

It was about sunset of a changeful April day, when a young girl, lightly descending the steps of a handsome residence, walked briskly down the street, which presently merged into a shaded avenue, sprinkled with modest villas and neat cottages. She was enveloped in a waterproof cloak, which revealed only the graceful contour of her shoulders, over which fell a cluster of golden brown ringlets. Her little feet tripped lightly and daintily along over the rough road, until suddenly pausing, she lifted a fresh, sweet face, with laughing brown eyes and a dimpled mouth.

"Raining again!" she said aloud, and stepping under the shelter of a linden, she pulled the hood of her cloak forward over her little hat. And then, as the light April rain was driving directly in her face, she tied over it a thick brown veil. "Sunshine and shower all day," she murmured. "The uncertain glory of an April day. Very provoking weather, when one is compelled to go out; but then everything looks so fresh and beautiful that it would be really a sin to complain."

The sound of a quick step approaching from behind caused her to look back. It was already growing dusk, rendered deeper by the lowering clouds, yet she could discern a very nice looking young gentleman approaching, sheltered beneath a huge umbrella.

The girl walked on; but in a moment the step was at her side, the umbrella was extended over her, and a gloved hand was eagerly held forth.

"Cousin Nellie, is it really you?"

The girl started, and peered curiously through her thick veil.

"I—I am Nellie," she said with some embarrassment; but I—really, I don't recognize you."

"Not recognize me? and after only one year's absence! Why, Nellie, am I so much changed. And besides, did you not receive my letter, saying that you might expect me this week?"

"I don't think I did," replied Nellie, demurely; and at the same instant she thought to herself

"I wonder who it is that takes me for?"

"It is strange that you should have missed the letter. But I hope I am not the less welcome for coming unexpected."

"Well, it is unexpectedly, I confess." He was silent for a moment; then said in a changed tone

"You don't seem a bit glad to see me, Nellie. And yet, if you knew how I looked forward for this meeting!"

"That was very kind of you, and I am sure I ought to feel myself very much honored."

Another omnibus alighted.

"I don't care who he is, or for whom he takes me," thought the fun-loving girl, as she walked demurely along beneath the umbrella held over her.

What right had he to address me and call me his cousin, before making sure who I was? Perhaps a little lesson will do him no harm."

"Nellie," said her companion, slowly, "do you remember the last night that we were together—alone in the library?"

"I can't say I do, exactly."

"Impossible! You cannot have forgotten it, and what you said to me in addition. You promised that you would welcome me back with those words."

"What words?"

"You said 'Dear Charlie, I do love you!' Nellie, dear, won't you say them now, as you promised?"

The young girl started. He spoke so earnestly that she was fairly frightened, and felt herself blushing as though the words were addressed to herself, Nellie Caldwell. Who the other Nellie was—the Nellie beloved by this handsome young man—she had no idea. At any rate, though, she began to think it was time to put an end to this adventure. What right had she to suffer him thus to betray his secrets to her? So she said, gravely, yet still with a spice of mischief

"I think you are mistaken. I am quite sure I never said those words to any man."

He bent a little forward and looked earnestly under the hood and at the brown veil.

"Nellie, will you take off that veil? I want to see your face, and to understand what you mean by talking in this strange way?"

"Oh, you will understand it presently, when we come to that green gate yonder; then I will remove my veil. But how came you to recognize me?" she asked curiously.

"How could I have failed to recognize you, rather. You have grown slightly taller, perhaps, but I knew your step and your beautiful hair, more beautiful than ever, Nellie. I was on my way to your house, when at a distance I saw you come down the steps, and I could not resist trying to overtake you for just one word and look."

"Oh!" said Nellie, as a light dawned upon her, and then to put a check upon her companion's sentimentality, she added: "How it rains!" and quickened her pace.

"Let it rain!" he answered impatiently, cannon balls, if it will. I want to talk to you, Nellie."

"Cannon-balls may suit your taste, per-

haps, but would scarcely be agreeable to me; and as to talking out here in the rain and darkness I am not romantic enough for that.

He was forced to keep by her side as she walked briskly on.

"Where are you going?" he inquired, presently.

"Home."

"Home? Why you are taking a contra direction from home."

"I think not. I believe I know where I live."

"I did not know you had removed."

"Did you not? Ah, here we are, at the gate. Please open it, if you can, on the inside."

He reluctantly obeyed, but raised the latch so slowly as to detain her while he whispered:

"Nellie, you have not given me the welcome you promised. You have not said those words."

"I don't believe you really want me to say them," she answered very much inclined to laugh, yet almost frightened at her own audacity.

"Not want it? When you know how I love you!"

"I don't believe it is me that you love," she returned, pushing open the gate.

"Good heavens, Nellie, how strangely you talk! Who, then, do you imagine I love?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Nellie, slowly raising her veil and pushing back the hood. "I don't know, but I am certain it can't be me!"

And she looked up in his face with a demure, pursed-up little mouth, and her brown eyes shining with suppressed mirth through their long, black lashes.

He stood gazing upon her as if petrified with astonishment. Then a deep flush crimsoned his handsome face and his dark eyes flashed with an indignant light.

"I beg your pardon!" he said, with ceremonious politeness. "Of course it is a mistake on my part."

"I suppose it was," said Nellie, demurely.

"I—I mistook you for another," he said, both embarrassed and angry.

"Was that my fault?" she returned.

"But you—you certainly allowed me to rest under the delusion."

"That was for fun."

"Fun?"

"Perhaps I was wrong. Indeed I now rather think I was," said Nellie, coloring beneath his gaze. "But as neither of us shall ever mention this adventure, I suppose no harm is done," she added, coolly.

He regarded her an instant with a strange, undecided expression.

"I beg your pardon! I am keeping you in the rain," he said. "Good evening!"

And lifting his hat with icy politeness, he walked away.

Nellie, as she entered the house, was met by her oldest sisters with a shower of questions as to who was that elegant looking man, how she had met him, what he had said.

Unlike herself in general, she returned brief replies, and escaping to her own room threw aside her waterproof, changed her dress, and seating herself before the fire, gazed absently into the glowing embers. Presently she laughed, then bit her lips with a vexed expression, and finally began to cry.

"I wonder what makes me do such silly, un lady-like things?" she thought. "I am always getting into some ridiculous scrape or other. What an opinion he must have of me? I shall be really ashamed to meet him again, as I suppose I must, if he is Mr. Gray."

Then her mood changed.

"I don't care. He may be as dignified as he pleases, but he shall never see that I trouble myself even to remember this ridiculous walk, and the horrid umbrella!"

Presently another change came over her.

"Poor fellow! I can't help pitying him, for I fear this has been merely a rehearsal of the real act. Why, Nellie Archer was in the parlor with Captain Lloyd nearly two hours this afternoon, when she must have known from that letter of Charlie's coming. I wonder if she ever said to the captain—or to young Dr. Bliss—what she said to her cousin? Poor fellow! And Nellie has been showing his letters to all the girls! She could not have done so had she loved him."

Nellie Caldwell was correct in her anticipation of again meeting with Mr. Charles Gray. The society of the little town was very gay, and what with church fairs and parties, and other social amusements, it was impossible that these two should not be thrown together.

Nellie blushed, despite her utmost endeavors to look unconscious, when Mr. Gray was presented to her; but the gentleman was so cool and composed that she actually doubted whether he had recognized her.

He conversed with her a little, danced with her once, and, as she observed, was chiefly interested in watching Nellie Archer and Captain Lloyd. And Miss Archer, proud to show off her handsome cousin, and her own influence over him, treated him very sweetly in the intervals of her flirting with other admirers.

Some weeks glided by, in which the acquaintance between Miss Nellie Caldwell and Mr. Gray preceptually assumed a more agreeable character.

His cool politeness and her equally cool indifference, gradually thawed, and each vaguely felt that, despite their mutual efforts to keep apart, there was something which mysteriously drew them together.

Nellie attributed this to her sympathy with his disappointment in regard to his cousin, and often expressed the wish that the latter would love him, as she was sure he deserved, and make him happy by marrying him. It was inexplicable to her that any girl could prefer Captain Lloyd to Mr. Charlie Gray.

Neither had ever but once alluded to their first meeting.

Coming out of church one evening, Miss Archer said:

"Nellie, what have you been doing with yourself all this terribly rainy week? Isn't such weather enough to give any one the blues?"

"Oh, no," she answered cheerfully. "I like rainy days at home, and can always find something to amuse me."

"Even in the rain itself?" said Mr. Gray, on her other side. "What an enviable disposition is yours, Miss Caldwell, to be able to find 'fun' in such a situation."

Nellie looked up quickly, and met the half-laughing glance bent upon her. Instead of answering gayly back, as was her wont, she colored and her eyes filled with tears.

"Mr. Gray," she said, as Miss Archer fell behind with Captain Lloyd. "I want you to promise to forget that hateful walk in the rain, and never again allude to it."

"I am not sure that I could keep such a promise—at least the first part."

"That means that you haven't forgiven me."

"I really do not feel as though I had anything to forgive or you to ask pardon for," he said pleasantly.

"I was very silly and wrong, but you see I have grown older and wiser since," said Nellie, demurely.

"If the increase of wisdom is in proportion to that of age—" he commenced, but was interrupted by Miss Archer.

"Nellie, are you and Charlie flirting? or what is that mysterious whispering about?"

"We are not flirting," returned Mr. Gray, coolly. "Miss Caldwell does not flirt, I have observed; and for myself you know I detest it."

"I know you have some old-fashioned and absurd notions," retorted his cousin, laughing. "One must be very prudish and old-maidish to meet your ideal of perfect womanhood, Charlie."

And again Nellie Caldwell felt conscience-stricken, remembering that unfortunate walk, and the impression which her conduct must have produced on this very particular young gentleman.

Some time after this, there was a picnic at the picturesque old mill a few miles from town. Nellie Caldwell spent rather a tiresome day, we derring why it was that she could not enjoy herself as usual, and envying Nellie Archer her high spirits. To-day, at least she observed, she and Mr. Gray seemed to be getting along unusually well together, she appearing radiant and as serenely happy.

"I wonder if they are engaged?" she thought, and did not feel nearly so elated as she ought to have done at the probability of such a consummation.

He sought her out occasionally, but had little to say, seeming to prefer reclining at her feet on the turf beneath the willows, looking dreamily on the water, or up into her face, as she talked.

Several young ladies observed that they both looked very stupid and uninterested at each other.

As the evening waxed late, there was a sudden stir among the company. It was certainly going to rain, some weather-wise prophet had declared, and the elder portion of the company, at least, were anxious to get safely under shelter before the shower came.

Mrs. Caldwell collected her dessert-spoons and her daughters who had come with her in the family carriage.

"Why, Nellie," said one of her young companions, "you are surely not going so soon. It would spoil the party; and besides, you will miss the plantation songs, and your favorite Virginia reel."

Mr. Gray stepped forward.

Would Miss Nellie accept a seat in his buggy? and would Mrs. Caldwell intrust her daughter to his charge? If so, Miss Nellie could remain and enjoy the reel and yet arrive home almost as soon as the carriage with the fat and lazy horses.

So Nellie stayed, and her spirits rose unaccountably.

The final favorite reel was scarcely commenced, when a few scattered drops of rain startled the gay throng. An immediate rush was made to the conveyances.

"Don't be alarmed," Mr. Gray said, as he assisted Nellie into his buggy. "It will be but a passing shower, probably, and we will take the path through the woods, which will afford some shelter in addition to that of my umbrella."

A few other vehicles were going the same road. Mr. Gray's was the last in the procession.

"You don't object to the umbrella?" he said, raising it and adjusting it to its socket in the back of the buggy.

"I hate umbrellas!" Nellie returned. "Do put that down—there is hardly any rain."

"Nevertheless, I am responsible for your safety and good condition, so will keep it up till we get to the woods."

"A little rain never hurts me."

"But it may hurt your hat. Are you a woman, and never gave a thought to that important question? Why there was not a young lady on the ground to-day who did not make that the first consideration."

"Well," said Nellie laughing, "perhaps I am not much like other young women."

"Perhaps so. In fact, that idea presented itself to me at our first meeting. She colored and bit her lip but made no answer.

"Nellie," he said, bending forward a little, and looking in her face, "doesn't this remind you of—that evening?"

"I thought," she answered, sharply, "that you were never again to allude to that subject."

"I can't help it; it is too often in my thoughts. In fact, I like to think of it." Her heart beat a little at his tone, but she looked straight before her, without reply.

"Nellie, do you remember the request I made of you that evening?"

"That request was not for me."

"It is now."

Their eyes met for an instant.

"Are you sure, said Nellie half-aloud, but with a strange tremor in her voice—are you sure you are not still taking me for some one else?"

"Quite sure, despite your golden hair, and your voice, and your similarity of name. It is Nellie Caldwell that I now ask to—say those words!" he whispered, as he clasped one of her hands in his.

"How long, said Nellie, half-mischievously, half-seriously—"how long since you said this to Nellie Archer?"

"I never said it to Nellie Archer. When I left you and went to see the original Nellie," smiling, "I found her to be quite a different character from the ideal which my fancy had pictured, during a whole year's absence. Enough you know what I mean. I never spoke to her of love, and to-day we came to a pleasant understanding, when she informed me that she had engaged herself to Captain Lloyd. I love her well enough as a cousin, but not as I must love a woman whom I would make my wife."

They were bowing along the woodland track, where the trees made a verdant arch overhead, through which the

rain-drops slowly dripped, like a shower of diamonds. Nellie had never before felt how beautiful the world was.

They arrived at home in a drizzly shower, through which in the misty air, a glorious rainbow shone.

At the door he detained her for an instant under the umbrella, as three months ago he had done at the gate.

"Nellie, darling, you have not said those words—I love you, Charlie."

"No," said Nellie, blushing. "No, I won't say them now; but," and she glanced up roughly, "I do love that dear umbrella!"

And she rushed upstairs as her mother came into the hall, inquiring if they had gotten wet.

**GIVE HIM A LIFT.**

Give him a lift! don't kneel in prayer, Nor mope with his despair; The man is down, and his great need is ready help, not prayer and creed.

His time when the wounds are washed and bled— But the inward motive be revealed: Not now, whatever the spirit be, Here words are but mockery.

One grain of aid just now is more To him than tons of saintly lore; Pray, if you must in your heart, But give him a lift, give him a start.

The world is full of good advice, Of prayer, and praise, and preaching also; But the generous souls who aid mankind Are scarce as gold and hard to find.

Give like a Christian—speak in deeds; A noble life's the best of creeds; And he shall wear a royal crown Who gives them a lift when they are down.

**THE LADY BIRD.**

There was once a little girl whose name was Charlotte. This little girl had several brothers: her brothers had playmates who, in turn, had some cheerful sisters; so when they were all together they made quite a merry little band.

One Thursday while playing together, Charlotte ran toward them crying out:

"For a pin! for a pin! Who wishes to see a curiosity? Who will give a pin to see a curiosity?" and she held up above her head a little pasteboard box.

"Your curiosity is not large!" said the boys.

"If it isn't large," answered Charlotte, "it is at least, very pretty. Who wants to see it? Who will give a pin to see it? A pin, a pin?"

The little boys had no pins. The little girls had some, though. Little girls are careful and attentive; they see pins fall and they pick them up for their mamma. But little boys, they are too heedless for that.

But Charlotte, who was a good little girl said to them, "Never mind! I will show you the curiosity for nothing. Immediately a circle is formed around her. Their eyes are stretched very big; and the box is opened just a little."

They saw at the bottom a tiny, motionless bug. It was a lady bird. Several of the children had never seen one before; so they commenced to make remarks, each in his turn, or rather all together.

"Oh! the pretty little red bug!"

"No it is not red, it is yellow."

"No, it isn't yellow, it is a color between a red and yellow."

"Orange!" cried several voices.

"And look at the little black spots on its body!"

"It is as round as a ball!"

"No, it is not round it is flat underneath, and that makes only half a ball."

"And look at its little black head, which sticks out!"

"And its little black paws, which stick out too!"

"It has six of them!"

"It is an insect," gravely said Lucien, the large brother, who had known how to read for some time and had learned many things from his books.

"What is an insect?" asked the others.

"It is," replied the young erudite, "a little animal which hatches from an egg. At first this insect is a worm, or something similar to one which is called the larva. In a little time it changes and becomes whatever it ought to be according to species; a butterfly, a fly, a grasshopper, or a May bug. Then when it is perfectly formed, it has at least six feet, as this one has, a head which moves about on its neck, as this one, a small body and a large stomach, just as this has. Do you see those two little bits which project from the head?"

"Ah, yes," said one. "those are two horns!"

"Those are not horns," said Lucien, "they are called antennae, and wise men tell us that it is by them that these insects smell different odors."

"I hope they have noses," interrupted a comrade.

"They have, and much more!" replied Lucien. "You know how wasps smell fruits, and how the flies and ants smell sweetmeats; how the bees smell flowers."

"That is true! that is true!" said the children.

"Their eyes are very pretty when seen under a microscope. Each of them seem to be formed of a thousand little diamonds. They have no eyelids and cannot shut their eyes as we do, which must be very inconvenient when they want to go to sleep."

"Your little bug is dead!" said one of the little boys. "See, it does not even budge!"

"It needs air in the box," said the little sage. "It cannot breathe, it was just about to be asphyxiated."

"Do insects breathe?" asked the eldest of the little girls; "have they lungs?"

"They have no lungs," said Lucien, "but they breathe through little holes open on each side of their bodies, which holes are called wind pipes. And now, see the lady-bird of my sister—"

"What did you say?"

"The lady-bird is the true name of this insect. See, it commences to walk, the air revives it."

"Will it bite me?" asked a very little girl.

"Oh no," responded Charlotte. "Look, my dear, it crawls upon your little finger, and its walk is so gentle that you scarcely feel it do you?"

"But," asked this dear little girl, "what is that on its back, so round and shining like the shell of a turtle?"

At this moment the lady-bird, completely revived, raised its back which was divided like little wings, then shut itself together again.

"Look! it opens! it opens!" cried all the children. "What has it under there?"

"Ah! its coleopterous," said Lucien. "Ce cole op—what did you say that word was, Lucien?"

"I said cole-op-te-rous. Coleopterous insects are those which have two fine wings, folded and concealed under two little solid lids called sheaths. You have seen the lady-bird raise the sheaths, presently you will see—"

"Hush! hush!" said Charlotte, "do not make a noise! You will see!"

The lady-bird had commenced to move again; suddenly opening its sheaths, there appeared two little brown, transparent wings, which looked like gauze; then all at once it flew away!

"Ah!" said the children at once, following it with their eyes as it flew into the air.

"Where is it going?"

"Poor little bug!" responded Charlotte. "It will return, perhaps, to the roses where I found it this morning."

"What does it do upon the roses? Does it eat them?"

"No, no!" said Lucien; "lady-birds do not eat the flowers; on the contrary they destroy the enemies of the flowers. Grubs eat flowers, and lady-birds eat grubs."

"Then," said Charlotte "I wish I had a great many of them to put on all the flowers in the garden!"

"Ah!" said the little boys, "I should never have thought that a being so small and so feeble could be of so much use."

"And I," said Charlotte, "I shall remember their usefulness, too, the next time I catch them and toss them in the air and sing:

"Lady-Bird! Lady-Bird!  
 Fly away home!  
 Your house is on fire!  
 Your children will burn!  
 Fly away, Lady-Bird!  
 Fly away home!  
 And bring me good fortune  
 Whenever you come!"

Translated from the French by—Emma B. Richardson.

**Measure for Measure.**

Not long ago he of the pack chanced upon his journey to stop at the house of a well-to-do farmer. "Would the madam wish to look at my goods?" enquired the peddler, as the woman of the house answered his respectful summons at the door. "Well, yes, I don't mind if I do. Have you got any linen table cloths?" "Yes" he had; and without more ado he unfasted his burden and spread the stock before her gaze. The woman examined the table cloths very closely, asking the price of them, and altogether she managed to detain the man about an hour. Finally she said: "I bought some in Italy yesterday, and I only wanted to see if their dry goods men cheated me."

With commendable good nature, the disappointed fellow re-packed his goods and went his way. A month or so passed, and once more he knocks at the same farmer's door, this time not to sell but to buy. "Can you get me up a first class dinner?" he asked. "Something good; I've got money and I want to see your best." The woman of the house bustled at a lively rate, the vision of a good fee for the meal lending alacrity to her movements, and presently she returned to the room where the peddler was waiting, and announced that dinner was ready. He walked out to the dining room, puts on a pair of goggles, and critically inspects the viands. After probing the steak, and turning the eggs, and sniffing the coffee, he turned to the astonished female and remarked: "I don't want 'anything'; I just paid for my dinner at the house below, and I thought I'd find out whether they cheated me." And grabbing up his bundle he managed to dodge out of the door before the trait woman could reach him.

**Antidote to Snake Bites.**

On the subject of snake bites, a very interesting communication has lately been received in India from an American gentleman, Mr. Kosciok, recommending the gall of rattlesnakes as an antidote for snake bites. Mr. Kosciok, who became acquainted with the antidote at Venezuela, states that it is not only cheap and infallible, but instantaneous and wonderful in its effects—crows and dogs in the last stages of the poison recovering as soon as the remedy was administered to them. The preparation of the antidote is simple: "Three rattlesnakes' galls put into an ordinary wine bottle filled with 30 deg. spirits, and allowed to stand for a week. In ordinary cases one or two tablespoonfuls are taken; in extreme cases, three to six. Mr. Kosciok recommends experiments being made in this country with other snake galls. Dr. Fayer agrees with this recommendation, and refers Mr. Kosciok's letter to the committee at Calcutta for investigating snake poison. The idea, however, he says, is not a new one, for in the "Thanatophidia of India," the result of an experiment with the antidote is recorded; and he is of opinion that when brought to the test of scientific investigation, it will not prove more successful than many other "antidotes" which have hitherto been tried and have failed.

**She Floored Herself.**

Extract from a woman's testimony in the trial of her husband for abusing her:

"He struck me in the face. I didn't say anything to him but I gave him a good talking to."

The attorney scratched his chin a moment, and asked her if she would please repeat her statement.

"I say he struck me. I didn't say anything to him but I gave him a good talking to."

Again the attorney scratched his chin, but finally told the woman to go on and tell what else happened.

"That same afternoon he struck me again, and I can stand a great deal, and I didn't say a word to him, but I gave him a good talking to."

The attorney thought long and deeply, and then asked:

"Did he strike you the third time?"

"Yes, sir, he did."

"Did you say anything to him?"

"No, sir."

"But perhaps you gave him a good talking to?"

"You can just bet your life I did."

The lawyer began to scratch his chin again, but the judge dismissed the case.

Nothing is easier to men of genius, nothing more certainly a proof and part of it, than to compose what raises men's wonder and admiration; nothing more difficult than to show them distinctly the simplest and most obvious truth.

—He who takes advice is sometimes superior to the giver.

## MUSIC IN THE NIGHT.

When the stars pursue their solemn flight  
 Off in the middle of the night  
 A strain of music visits me,  
 Hushed, with a sweetest melody—  
 Such rich and rapturous strains as make  
 The very soul of silence ache  
 With longing for the melody.

Or else the rude and rolling notes  
 That leave some strolling callow's throat,  
 Hushed, with a sweetest melody—  
 Of many a mile of rushing sea,  
 Or some high-minded dreamer strays  
 Late through the solitary waste,  
 Nor needs the listening night nor me

Or how, how whence those tones be heard,  
 Hearing, the slumbering soul is stirred,  
 As when a swiftly passing light  
 Startles the shadows into flight,  
 While one remembrance suddenly  
 Thrills through the melting melody—  
 A strain of music in the night.

Or lovers in the distant dusk  
 Of summer gardens, sweet with musk,  
 Pouring the blissful burden out,  
 The breaking joy, the dying doubt;  
 Or revelling all down with wine,  
 And in madness half divine,  
 Beating the broken tune about.

Out of the darkness burst the song,  
 Into the darkness moves along:  
 Only a eord of memory jars,  
 Only an old and worn scars,  
 As the wild sweetness of the strain  
 Smiles the heart's pastorate pain,  
 And vanished among the stars.

—Harriet Prescott Spoford.

**Duchess of Marlborough.**

Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough. Not only was she beautiful, but witty and vivacious. Her conversation was interesting, and a vein of keen but delicate satire often gave piquancy to her remarks. The fascinating Frances was but sixteen when she first appeared at the Court of the Duchess of York. A crowd of adorers was soon sighing at her feet; James himself being amongst the most ardent of worshippers at the shrine of the new divinity. Unavailing, however, were his sighs and his languishing airs to win her smiles and good graces; and the prodigal bigot was soon made to comprehend that, though engaged in the service of his duchess, "la belle Jennings" was not at all disposed to engage in his. Her conduct occasioned unspeakable astonishment in Charles' licentious Court. A young girl who was both beautiful and virtuous was there a phenomenon, and the king thought it something so novel, so piquant, that he had a fancy to attempt to prevail where his brother's powers of seduction had failed. After the duke's death the duchess lived in great seclusion at Marlborough House, which she held by a lease of fifty years from the crown. Within the first year and a half of her widowhood she had offers of marriage from Lord Coningsby and the Duke of Somerset; the latter was persistent, saying he had admired her for years. She was then sixty-two, but still very handsome. Her beautiful hair was unchanged in color, which she attributed to her constant use of honey-water. She, however, very properly replied to her suitors that she was too old to marry again. "Were I," she said to the Duke of Somerset, "but thirty instead of past sixty, I would not consent that an emperor should succeed to a place in my heart, which was wholly given to the Duke of Marlborough." She survived all her children except the youngest—the Duchess of Montague—and lived on untroubled by the infirmities incidental to old age until 1741, when she was taken ill, and so seriously that she believed death to be near at hand. But she recovered, and survived three years longer; her death occurring on the 29th of October, 1744, in her eighty-fifth year. "Old Marlborough is dying," said Horace Walpole, a few days before her death occurred; "but who can tell?—last year when she had lain a great while without speaking, the physician said: 'She must be blistered or she will die.' She called out, 'I won't be blistered, and I won't die.' She, however, did not fear death. She said 'there was one great happiness in dying, that one would never hear more of anything that was done in this world.' Lady Worley Montague and the Countess of Butte often spent their mornings with her. She herself had quite given up going into society, in which she had never taken delight, so absorbed had she been by affairs of state. Her interest in politics remained. In her boroughs of Woodstock and St. Albans she put whom she pleased. Sir Robert Walpole and Queen Caroline were the chief objects of her political hate and invective. Of the former she writes: "Tis thought wrong to wish anybody dead; but I hope 'tis none to wish he may be hanged for having brought to ruin so great a country as this."

**LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.**

Let bygones be bygones; if bygones be clouded By night the conscious pang of regret,  
 Oh, let them in dark oblivion be shrouded,  
 'Tis wiser and 'tis kind to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones, and good be extracted From it over which it is folly to fret  
 The worst of mortals have foolishly acted—  
 The kindest are those who forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones, oh, cherish no longer The thought that the sun of affection has set  
 Ecstasied for a moment, its rays will be stronger,  
 If you, like a Christian, forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; your heart will be lighter When kindness of yours with reception has met  
 The flame of your love will be purer and brighter  
 If, unlike, you strive to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, purge out the leaven Of malice, and try an example to set  
 To others, who, craving the mercy of heaven  
 Are sadly too slow to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; remember how deeply To heaven's forbearance we all are in debt  
 We value God's infinite goodness too cheaply  
 To heed not the precept, "Forgive and forget."

**He Understood.**

Yesterday when the black clouds gathered in the north and betokened the coming thunder storm, a citizen who was coming down on a Jefferson avenue car, remarked to an elderly man beside him:

"A storm is portending."

"Hey?" inquired the other.

"I say there are tokens of a storm," continued the first.

"Hey?" was the brisk inquiry again.

"Appearances indicate a storm!" exclaimed the citizen, a trifle embarrassed.

"Hey! What did you say about indelicate?" queried the other.

"There's going to be a thunder storm!" shouted the citizen, dropping his big words all of a sudden.

"Ah! Now I understand," said the old man, "going to be a thunder storm. Well, what do you want me to do about it?"

—Detroit Free Press.

—We never realize how awkward, how needlessly stupid, how excessively and deplorably faulty nature is so strongly as when we reflect on the fact that she has never yet been created a man that is, at, wise, . . .







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## FRIENDS OF LONG AGO.

When I sit in the twilight gliding,  
And the busy streets grow still,  
I dream of the wide, green meadows,  
And the old house on the hill.  
I can see the roses blooming  
About the doorway low,  
Again my heart gives greeting  
To the friends of long ago—  
Dear long ago!

I can see my mother sitting,  
With life's snowflakes in her hair,  
And she smiles above her knitting,  
And her face is faintly fair.  
And I see my father reading  
From the Bible on his knee,  
And again I hear him praying  
As he used to pray for me—  
So long ago!

I see all the dear old faces  
Of the boys and girls at home,  
As I saw them in the dear old days  
Before we learned to roam.  
And I sing the old songs over  
With the friends I used to know,  
And my heart forgets its sorrows  
In its dream of long ago!  
Dear long ago!

How widely our feet have wandered  
From our old home's tender ties,  
Some are beyond the ocean,  
And some are beyond the skies.  
My heart grows sad with thinking  
Of the friends I used to know,  
Perhaps I shall meet in heaven  
All the loved ones of long ago,  
Dear long ago!

## A GAY WIDOW.

The first time that I ever saw her was from the window of my room in the hotel. She was walking across the plateau, and raised her fine eyes just as she passed. A really striking face, something not exactly bold, but courageous and intrepid, about it, and a very high color. Her step was quick and firm, and figure perfection. I was a little "taken," and, hastily seizing my hat, ran down the steps and followed her, straight to the spring where I and my fellow guests were in the habit of drinking those horrid waters every morning. The widow in question told me she was a widow, and I drank several glasses of the wretched stuff, looking at one another without exchanging a word, and so in a few minutes parted again.

For the two or three following mornings it was the same, and we always met at meals, and in the evening on the veranda or in the parlor. On these occasions I always assumed a sort of waggish, knowing look, designed to vex her, and so it did; for she invariably stared haughtily back in return, her brilliant color deepening to scarlet. Her name was Mrs. Powder, widow of the late lamented General Powder, who lost his legs and life leading an Alabama regiment at Marietta Hill. So I was told by colored waiters.

Well, the little romance proceeded, and in a few days whenever I saw the plump and pretty widow I even ventured upon a faint smile, which, however, I am bound to say, she invariably rebuked. Several of my friends asked me who she was, and I told them a very gay widow from Selma—"very gay," I added, with a wink of somewhat rakish character. And thus it got about, and thus I deliberately and idiotically entangled myself in a fix of a most complicated and distressing character.

For, two days afterward, while enjoying my after-dinner cigar, and mentally concluding that the flies were about as troublesome and the weather as hot at White Sulphur as any place I had ever visited, I received this note:

"Sir—I have just learned your name, and I write at once to inform you that I have heard of the manner in which you have spoken of me among the people summering at this hotel. I do not know what you have seen in my conduct to justify the interpretation you appear to have put upon my character; but I can assure you that those surmises are quite wrong. Although alone in the world, I am a woman perfectly capable of taking care of herself in every way, and at the very first opportunity I intend to make you understand the fact."

BESSIE SOUTHWATE POWDER.  
I now saw clearly that a fool I had been. The lady had not given my impertinence the least encouragement, and my whole conduct had been that of a coxcomb and an impudent fellow. I was frightened. The letter was thoroughly characteristic, and expressed no more than would be carried out. There was, in fact, a painfully strong suggestion of horseplay about it.

I own frankly that I never was more rightened in my life. A duel I should not have cared so much about; but the other, a public chastisement at the hands of a woman, and at so public a place as the White Sulphur Springs—it was appalling to contemplate.

I sat down and wrote Mrs. Powder a letter—an apology in the most abject terms, and while the messenger was gone with it, I stood at my window looking out at the clouds in the distance moving like armies preparing for battle. There was a thunder storm coming up—dismal omen. I whistled and drummed nervously on the ledge of the window, waiting to hear the returning footsteps of the darky; and at last I did hear them.

He brought back the letter unopened—the lady had declined to read it, he said, with a grin. I suppose he thought it a proposal.

What was to be done? I walked the floor in agony long after darkness had fallen, and the sound of the gong for tea. I was afraid to go down to tea. Suddenly a thought occurred to me—I would go up stairs and confide the whole thing to Governor Aydsott, of Georgia, who was a lawyer, and might get me out of the difficulty if any man could. And so very quietly I stole away to his room on the floor above, and fortunately found him alone.

He was sitting in one of the tall windows leading upon a short balcony outside, watching the approach of the thunder-storm, now almost ready to burst.

At every few seconds a frightful gleam of lightning tore open the heavens, followed by a burst of thunder that seemed to shake the world.

"Hullo! Come in—come in!" said the governor, cheerily, tottering goutily toward me and placing a chair. I hope we shall have a little cooler weather after this," indicating the storm.

In a few minutes I had placed him in possession of my case. He looked very gravely at me indeed, and pursed up his lips into a little round O.

"Young man, that lady intends to cowhide you, sir. George Powder's widow! By Jove sir, I'd rather face a battery of artillery any day."

There was a knock at the door; a servant appeared.

"Governor, Mrs. Powder's compliments. She is out here in the hall, sir, and would like to have a short private conversation with you, sir."

He was a knowing servant, and smiled darkly. I fancied, in my direction; and no wonder, for I was as pale as death. "Tell Mrs. Powder that I shall be at her service in one moment," said the governor; and the man retreated. "My friend," he seized my shaking hand, "there is absolutely no escape for you except by going upon the balcony until I have succeeded in getting rid of her."

I made a dash for the window and he shut me outside. At the same instant the thunder-storm burst in all its fury, and there being no protection whatever I was soaked through and through. Positively, I could not have been wetter if I had deposited myself at the bottom of a river.

The thunder and lightning were appalling, and, as I am naturally afraid of the elements, my situation may be imagined; and for a full hour I was thus entrapped, and still no prospect of relief or of the storm ceasing. In despair, I glanced over the balcony and saw that there was another beneath, and in a moment I had let myself down by my hands and secured a footing there.

The window was up, the room apparently untenanted, and I stepped in. Scarcely had I done so when there was a shriek from the bed; a lady sat up and began screaming "Robbers!" and I rushed to the door and gained the corridor, and so at last my own chamber.

An hour afterward I was in a railway train, speeding from the White Sulphur as rapidly as steam could carry me.

Six months had passed away; the events of the summer were growing dim upon my memory, and I was in New York. We were endeavoring to get up a charitable concert for the benefit of sufferers by flood somewhere, and I was the most active agent in the enterprise.

I am, I believe, a first-rate amateur tenor, and you have, perhaps, seen my name pretty freely in the newspapers in connection with semi-public concerts.

Our programme was all changed and a capital one, except that we needed a solo cornetist, or something of the kind. I recollected my old friend Birdseye—not a cornetist, but the very best flute-player in the State. He had his own private and particular flute, mounted in silver and gold, and presented to him by some musical society—worth at least a thousand dollars; and it was well-known that the public would come to see that flute as well as to hear it.

Birdseye, according to report, had lately retired from public flute-playing, and positively declined to engage in any musical enterprise whatever. I determined to see him personally, and, if possible, alter his resolution. I called, and was informed that he was not at home; but if my business was very important, I might see his wife.

I walked in and took a seat, and then light, rapid footsteps sounded in the hall. The door swings open—enter Mrs. Powder! I sprang to my feet and got behind the table, horribly frightened.

"I wish to see Mr. Birdseye," I said. "I am Mrs. Birdseye," she said, in a voice sweeter than Birdseye's valuable flute, "and have been so for several months. Mr. Birdseye is out of town at present; his health is very delicate, and he is in the country."

Then she recognized me, and her eyes dilated with a fiery gleam. "Madam, we have met before," I murmured. "and I fear I was guilty of conduct—"

"You decidedly were, sir," she returned, advancing upon me.

I stepped from the table to a large arm chair, trembling in every limb, and looking about for the most direct route to the door.

"I was guilty of conduct which the wife of no flute—I mean no gentleman—"

"No gentleman, sir—" she repeated, in a rising echo, making another step in my direction; and believing that a fracas was inevitable, I plunged violently toward the door, rushed through and closed it behind me.

At the same moment I felt her hand on the knob on the other side; exerting all my strength, I held the barrier fast, locked it and fled.

I felt now that I should not be in a condition of safety while I remained in New York. That woman might pounce upon me at any time. As for appearing at the concert, it was out of the question, and, pleading illness, I packed up my things and started southward.

About a month afterward, living in Washington, I had a letter with the monogram of a flute on it—from Birdseye of course—a peremptory message that he desired to see me immediately. I left that night for Richmond, and in two weeks another letter was forwarded by the secretary of my club in New York, with another flute monogramed on it. The handwriting was bold and aggressive, but of a strictly feminine character, and a tremulous examination revealed the author—Mrs. Birdseye. Again it was the peremptory message from Birdseye, that he desired to see me without delay. The morning saw me on my way to South Carolina.

By this time I had become a sort of monomaniac, but one fully aware of his own lunacy and unable to correct it. Walking and sleeping, I could think of nothing but Mrs. Birdseye. I felt that implacable woman intended to follow me to the grave, and several times in Charleston I walked down to the water and examined it critically. The most trifling thing threw me into intense agitation—the mention of the article powder, or any reference to the feathered creation or the sight of a flute in the window of a music-store. And one day I read in the paper the announcement of the death of the celebrated flute-player, George Birdseye, from consumption; poor George had blown all his vitality through the offices of his favorite instrument. His widow was free to pursue her life-dream of vengeance.

I started for Florida.

Here, among the oranges and alligators, peas and strawberries in winter, and other attractions, I began, little by little, to not exactly forget, but to cease to remember with such distinct acuteness the complications of the past. The mind becomes effeebled in Florida, and

the emotions subside to a state of general apathy.

I was in this condition of languor when one day entering the hotel, I carelessly glanced at the register. "Mrs. George Birdseye" stared me in the face!

"How long has this lady been here?" I asked.

"Just arrived, sir," said the clerk. "I went directly to the elevator and got in. Up we started and had got half-way, when, with a hideous wrench the machine stopped between two floors."

"Oh!" cried a voice near me, in alarm, "we have met with an accident."

I became conscious, for the first time, of a companion. It was a lady, and she lifted her veil. It was Mrs. Birdseye, and I felt that I was alone in a cage with an infuriated tigress.

"I always hated these elevators," she said, with a frightful anxiety; I wish I had gone to my room by the stairs! Do you think we are in danger of being precipitated to the bottom sir?"

I shook my head. A ventriloquist controversy began, up and down the shaft between the servants and the elevator boy.

"The thing has caught," shouted a boy. "Give it a shake."

Mrs. Birdseye sprang up. "Oh, for mercy's sake! don't shake it, or we may be killed!" She seized my arm. "Command them not to shake it, sir. Threaten them with damages, sir, if they expose our lives in so reckless a manner: Will you speak, sir, or are you dead and dumb?"

"There is not a particle of danger, madam," said I. "The elevator is a new one, and I fear that they do not know precisely how to manage it."

She recognized me.

"Mr. Blueberry!"

"I prepared to defend myself."

"No violence, madam! Don't get excited. Act calmly and reasonably."

"I have come to Florida expressly to find you, if possible, Mr. Blueberry. I have written reams of letters, and have followed your trail like a detective. It seems as if you were trying to avoid me."

"I—I state unhesitatingly that I shall be compelled to defend myself, Mrs. Birdseye."

She looked at me for a minute a little puzzled.

"Oh!" said she: "I suppose you refer to your absurd attempt to get up a flirtation with me at White Sulphur! I don't mind that now—indeed, I had quite forgotten it—although, of course, at the time I was a little vexed. I remember you talked about me as a gay widow, and was provoked enough at first to have called you to account; but Governor Aydsott said it was only fun, and afterward poor George Birdseye said he knew you intimately, and—I dismissed the matter from my mind."

I breathed a deep sigh of relief. "But why have you been so long in pursuit of me, Mrs. Birdseye?"

"Well, George, you know, is dead, poor fellow, and before he went he charged me with a commission. For years he had been writing his musical memoirs—a most interesting work—entitled, 'Notes—by a musician.' Knowing you to be a literary man, he wished you to take charge of the material and put it in proper shape—edit it, you understand. And in consideration of this and his old friendship, he left you, Mr. Blueberry, by his will—what do you think? his gold and silver flutes!"

I shook hands with her silently, and wiped the corner of my eye with my handkerchief.

"It shall be done," I murmured, in a broken whisper, still holding her small and plump hand.

"I am glad to hear you promise that, for I thought you would refuse me. I know now eccentric you are, Mr. Blueberry, and really, after that occurrence in our parlor—the day you locked me in—I positively considered you insane. I was shut in there four or five hours, unable to get out, sir, and finally was obliged to call assistance from the street."

"It was pre-occupation, Mrs. Birdseye. My mind was absorbed in profound literary projects, and I scarcely knew what I was about. I was then tracing the missing link between the oyster and the clam to the exclusion of all other subjects whatsoever. You forgive me?" I pressed her hand beseechingly.

"Certainly, but really, this is rather a curious situation, isn't it? How much longer are we to be imprisoned here? Please ask the boy."

"How long, oh, Cathline, wait thou abuse our patience?" I shouted.

"A man has gone for a carpenter, sir," came back the reply.

Either the man or the carpenter made his haste very deliberately for Mrs. Birdseye and myself remained in close communication in the elevator for an hour longer.

But it was a short hour—indeed a delightful hour. When we were released I surreptitiously bestowed upon the boy a banknote, to his great bewilderment.

I am now engaged upon the memoirs of my late friend George, and find the assistance of this widow very valuable.

## A DENTIST'S FRIEND.

But the Young Man Didn't Have the Acher Pulled.

An Oil City man was standing in front of a dentist's office with an anxious, unhappy look in his eyes, and two yards of flannel round his lower jaw. He cast sorrowful glances upward to the dentist's sign, and in a hesitating sort of way placed his foot on the lower stair; then came out to the street again as if he had forgotten something. Col. Solon came along at this moment, and with a thoughtful interest in the man's welfare said:

"Toothache, eh? Go in! to have it pulled! Ever had a tooth pulled? No? Well, you'd better get right up afore your courage fails you. Worst thing in the world is pulling a tooth. I've been through the war, had both lungs shot away, fifteen bullets in my head, and doctors run a probe through a hole in my shoulders right down through my body to my toe,—thought 'twould kill me. But man alive, I never knew what pain was 'till I had a tooth pulled. Maybe you think the toothache is horrible. It is. It's awful! But wait 'till the dentist runs them air-fort tongs in your mouth, pulls the tooth right down through your jawbone, and then yanks away as if he was pulling on an old engine, and then yer'll think the toothache ain't no more to be compared to it than a

fla bite is to a railroad accident. Yer had better get right up, though, and have it out. Don't let anything I've said cause yer to back out. I merely wanted to prepare yer mind for it. And don't yer take ether. Knew a man once, about your complexion and build, who took ether and died. Its dangerous. Jest go right up and have it out. I'll go with yer an' see how yer stand it when he begins 'twisting' the bones round. Yer won't sleep a wink to-night if you don't have it out; an' maybe yer won't anyhow, fer sometimes the tooth breaks the jaw, inflammatory rheumatism strikes the—the what's-its-name nerve, and the what-they-call-it sets in."

Just at this moment a young man practising on a French horn in one of the upper rooms blew a long, ear-piercing blast, like the yell of a man in torment, and as the last sound echoed through the hall, the colonel said: "That's it: there's some one getting a tooth pulled now and the dentist hasn't any more now than just given the first twist either. Come right up and have your yanked. Whoop there she goes again!" as another terrible blast from the horn came down the staircase. "Hold on, hold on!" yelled the Colonel—but he wasn't quick enough to stop the man with the aching tooth, who rushed out of the doorway and down the street so fast that his two yards of flannel became unwound and streamed behind him like signals of danger, while the villainous old Colonel sat down on the lower step and laughed till his eyes ached.

## THE WEDDING DOWRY

"Only one silk, and that not new! Dear me, dear me, it's dreadful!" and Mrs. Greyson caught up the pretty bodice of the garment in question, and gave it a shake. Kathie hemming ruffles at the window laughed.

"What can't be cured must be endured; there's no help for it, aunty."

"Yes, there was help for it," cried the lady, tossing the bodice from her if you had taken my advice; but you must go act like a singleton! The idea of a girl of your age giving away her hard earnings, and then getting married without even a change of clothing! I declare it is too absurd! And you are making a good match, too. Charles Montague comes of one of the best families in the country, and he'll be rich one of these days."

"At which time, let us hope, my scanty wardrobe will be replenished," said Kathie merrily.

Her aunt frowned contemptuously. "But what are you to do now?" she went on. "What do you think Mrs. Montague, of Oaklands, will think of you when she sees your marriage outfit? Wait until she sees you in your shabby garments."

"Shabby garments?" said Kathie, opening her bright brown eyes. My garments are not shabby, aunty. I am sure I never looked shabby in all my life."

Mrs. Greyson glanced at the trim, graceful little figure. The close-fitting blue merino was faultless; the linen cuffs and collars were as spotless as snow. Kathie was right; she never did look shabby.

Mrs. Greyson, Kathie's well-to-do aunt, with daughters of her own, who trailed their silks in the dust, and tumbled their plumes and laces, and looked dowdy all the while, regarded the trim little figure at the window with a half-admiring, half-sneering smile.

"Such a singleton as you've been," said her aunt, "after toiling and teaching for your money, to turn round and give it away! I declare it puts me out of temper to think of it."

"What else could I do?" the girl burst out, passionately. Could I see poor George's cottage sold over his head, and his wife and children turned into the street?"

"Assuredly," answered the lady, coolly; "he could have rented a house easily enough. In your place I should have kept my money in my pocket; but you wouldn't listen to my advice. You are sorry for it now, no doubt."

"I am not sorry. I would do the same thing to-morrow. I am glad I had the money to pay poor George's debt, and I don't care if I do look shabby."

"Very well, I shall not try to care either. I shall help you; I told you that in the beginning. I can't afford it, and even if I could I should not feel it my duty. You must be headstrong and self-willed; you must bear the consequences. I will give you some face for your neck and sleeves, and you may wear the garnet set of Josephine's."

"I don't want any face—I've some that belonged to mamma; and I wouldn't wear Josephine's garnets—no, not for anything."

"Oh, very well; don't snap my head off. I beg you needn't wear them. Much thanks one gets for trying to assist you! You won't wear my hat either. I suppose: how about that?"

"I have plenty of trimming. I shall trim the light felt hat that I wore last winter."

"And your jacket—where is that to come from, pray?" Kathie's tears were gone; her brown eyes flashed like stars.

"I intend to make myself a jacket of grandfather's old overcoat," answered she.

Kathie then threw aside her ruffles, and going to the clothes-press, brought out the old coat.

"The material is very fine," she said, "and this rich, old-fashioned fur will cut into nice strips for trimming; I can make a handsome jacket out of it, and I think," she added softly, "grandpa would like me to have it if he knew."

"Grandpa, indeed?" echoed Mrs. Greyson. "I should think you'd have but little respect for his memory after the manner he treated you, never leaving you a cent after you nursed him and starved for him as you did."

"I think he intended to leave me something," said Kathie. "I know he did; but he died so suddenly, and there was some mistake."

"Oh, nonsense! I wouldn't give a fig for good intentions! He had lots of money—everybody knows that. It has all gone to that scapegrace Dugald, and you haven't a shilling for your wedding dowry."

"Charles won't mind that," said Kathie, her cheeks blooming like a rose.

She took the old coat and crossing to the window, began to rip the closely

stitched seams, her pretty, fresh, face looking sad and downcast. Aunt Greyson's worldly-wise talk had put her out of heart.

All her life she had been such a brave, sweet, little soul. Left an orphan early, she had lived with her grandfather, and made his last days bright.

"You're a dear child, Kathie; by-and-by, when you think of being a bride, I will give you a marriage dowry."

He had said so a dozen times, yet, after his sudden death, one mid-winter night, there was no mention of Kathie found in his will, and everything went to Dugald, the son of a second marriage.

Kathie did not complain; but it cut her to the heart to think that grandpa had forgotten her. She tried not to believe it: there was some mistake.

And when Dugald sold out the old homestead and went off, she gathered up all the old souvenirs and took care of them. The old fur-trimmed overcoat was one.

Then, lodging at her aunt's, she taught the village children, and saved up her earnings for her marriage day; for Charles Montague loved her and had asked her to be his wife.

The wedding day was appointed, and she was beginning with a fluttering heart to think about making her purchases, when her brother George fell ill and worse fell into trouble. He was rather a thriftless man, and had been unfortunate; his little home was mortgaged, and unless the debt could be repaid the house would be sold over his head. Kathie heard and did not hesitate an instant. Her hoarded earnings went to pay the debt.

It was bad to be so cramped for a little money, and one's wedding day so near. Her wardrobe was limited. She needed a nice seal-brown cashmere dress, and a light silk or two for evening wear. Aunt Greyson told the truth—she would look shabby in the grand rooms at Oaklands, in the very midst of Charles's stately sisters.

The tears came faster, and presently the little pearl-handled knife, with which she was ripping the seams, fell suddenly, and cut a great slash across the breast of the coat.

Kathie gave a little shriek of dismay. "There now! I've spoiled the best of the cloth: I can't get my jacket out! What shall I do?"

Down went the bright young head, and with her face buried in grandpa's old coat, Kathie cried as if her heart would break.

Something rustled under her hands. "Why, what's this? Some of poor grandpa's papers?"

She tore the lining loose, and there, beneath the wedding, was a package, done up in parchment and tied with red tape.

Kathie drew it forth. On one side was written: "This package belongs to my granddaughter Kathie."

"Why, what can that be?" cried the young girl, her fingers fluttering as she tugged at the tape.

At last the knot yielded, and she unfolded the package. Folded coupon bonds—a good dozen at least—and a nice thick layer of crisp bank notes. On the top a little note. She read it:

"My dear little grand-daughter, here is your marriage dowry—\$10,000. One day some fine fellow will claim you for his wife. You are a treasure in yourself, but take this from poor grandpa."

"Oh, grandpa, you did not forget me!" sobbed Kathie.

A ring at the door started her. She immediately looked out and saw her lover; gathering her treasure into the lap of her rustled apron, she rushed out to meet him.

"Oh, Charlie, come quick! I've such wonderful news to tell you!"

The young man followed her into the drawing-room, wondering what had happened.

She told him all.

"My darling," said he, his voice thrilling with tenderness. "I am glad of all this, because you are glad. For my own part I would rather have taken these darling little hands without a shilling in them. You need no dowry, Kathie; you are crowned with beauty, and purity, and goodness. In my eyes you are always fresh and fair, and lovely, no matter what you wear. I love you for your own sweet self, my darling."

Kathie let the folded coupons and the bank notes slip from her apron and fall to the floor in a rustling shower.

"Oh, Charlie," she whispered, leaning her head against his shoulder. "I am so glad!"

"Glad of what, Kathie? Grandpa's dowry?"

"No, glad because you love me for myself."

He clasped her closely, and at their feet grandpa's marriage dowry lay unheeded.

## Sims Reeves, the Tenor.

The famous English tenor, Sims Reeves, says the Hour, contemplates retiring from his profession. As he must be nearly sixty years old, and is very rich, the wisdom of such a course seems undeniable, though he is still without a rival in oratorio singing. About fifteen years ago his voice deteriorated considerably, but soon regained its power. It is an open secret amongst the profession that he is obliged to have all his songs transposed a couple of tones lower than he used to sing them.

Sims Reeves was, curiously enough, both idolized and hated by the English public. To account for this, it must be borne in mind that he could never be depended on to fulfill his engagements. This gave a start to all sorts of stories about his being a confirmed drunkard. But they were utterly untrue, as the fact that he has retained his voice to his present age conclusively proves. The truth is that his throat was always most delicate; a simple journey by rail was often sufficient to make him "as hoarse as a crow." In the height of summer he did not dare to walk across Hyde Park without as many wraps around his neck as an ordinary man would wear with the thermometer below zero.

Reeves was a native of Woolwich, and as a boy attracted the attention of the officers of the garrison by his musical talent. He began his career as a baritone, and the real register of his voice was not discovered for some time. Even in those early days his throat was most susceptible to cold and fatigue, and after any severe exertion he was liable to spit blood. Much of his subsequent success was due to the care taken of him by his wife.

who sacrificed her own musical career for the sake of looking after that of her husband. She took as much care of him as the trainer does of the Derby, and during years and years waited for him behind the scenes with beef tea, gargles and other restoratives. The report about Reeves's habits of intoxication arose from his fondness for beef tea. He was accustomed to carry about with him a pocket flask of that nutritious but insipid beverage, and persons seeing him constantly interviewing the little bottle jumped at the conclusion that it contained brandy.

## A LITTLE LECTURE.

BY AN OLD MAID OF THE WORLD.

My dears, love is like law; it's a deal easier to get into it than to get out again. There are thousands of ways for the former; but as for the latter, it can't be done noways.

Take my advice, my dears—never believe a man before marriage, and never trust him after it.

If men, my dears, were to pay, like servants, for everything they broke, they wouldn't be so fond of "breaking the hearts for every pretty girl they







